Table of Contents

1. Indigo
2. Rivulet
3. Clearpool
4. Rapid
5. Fathom
6. Anemone
7. Cowrie
8. Rivulet
9. Mist
10. Rapid
11. Ripple
12. Rivulet
13. Clearpool
14. Rivulet
15. Indigo
16. Anemone
17. A few years later...
18. Rapid
19. A few years after...
20. A/N

Indigo

Around 3 years after the Epilogue of Darkstalker: Legends

"Mommy, can we go see the palaces? Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?" Clearpool whined.

"Yeah! We've been PATIENTLY waiting for YEARS!" Cowrie added.

"Hmmm... I won't say that you've been *patiently* waiting..." Indigo replied.

"Yeah. More like you kept whining and whining. That's like, the *exact opposite* of patiently waiting." Fathom added.

"Hm. Mayyyyyyyyybe?" Ripple said.

"AND! AND YOU PROMISED WE COULD KNOW ABOUT THAT SUPA MEAN BAD GUY!!!!!!!!!!" Clearpool yelled.

"We really *did* name the wrong dragonet after Clearsight." Fathom whispered.

"I HEARD THAT!" Clearpool shrieked.

"Hey, who's Clearsight?" Cowrie asked.

Fathom and Indigo shared a look. They had walked into that one.

"Well... it was a very nice NightWing we met once. She... we don't know what happened to her." Fathom said.

"Tell us MORE!" Clearpool said enthusiastically.

"Should we? The story is... well, *quite* scary isn't the right word to describe this." Indigo whispered.

"Well, that least we know that Clearsight succeed," Fathom replied.

"I mean, Darks- you know who never came rampaging around Phyrria."

"*Yet,*"Indigo said.

"WE CAN STILL HEAR YOU! YOU NEED TO WORK ON YOUR WHISPERING SKILLS!" Clearpool said.

"Yeah. What she said," Ripple added with a wink.

"BUT. We can't tell you the story. It's too creepy to even think about." Indigo said.

Clearpool sighed.

"You NEVER let us know what happened to you guys before we came. I guess we never will," Cowrie said with puppy eyes.

Fathom turned his head away.

"Nope. Not until you're old enough," he said, "And that's final."

Rivulet

"Father!" Rivulet cried.

They had been found. Rivulet and her family had been hiding on an island for her whole life. The island came from their many-greats grandparents, Fathom and Indigo. Rivulet and her father had been tying to bring -rather, steal- home all the scrolls he could find about their ancestors from the Summer Palace. But now, they had been found.

"Get over here," a large SeaWing growled at Rivulet. "*Now.*"

Rivulet slowly came out of her hiding spot under the librarian's desk.

"That's it. Now we go see the queen." the SeaWing said with a malicious smile.

She saw a SeaWing bash her father in the head. She was about to cry out, but then something bashed her in the head.

A buzzing sound. Then the swishing of water.

Slowly Rivulet woke up.

Ah. Finally. You've been such a bore. Queen Coral said in Aquatic.

Rivulet realized she was in a tiny cage near the Deep Palace. She'd never seen, it, just heard of it from her parents.

How confused you look! I never thought I'd be able find Fathom and Indigo's great-great -great -great -great -great -great -great -great -great -great-you-get-the-idea grandchild. Well. Here she is.

Rivulet had never met the queen. Well, her aunt. But still.

Tethered behind the queen was a small pinkish dragonet, around her own age. When the queen wasn't looking at her, the dragonet gave a small, shy wave. Quickly, so her mother wouldn't see. This could only be Anemone. The royal heir to the SeaWing throne... and her cousin.

Now, now. I didn't come so you could stare at my darling. I came for an interrogation.

Interrogation. How fun.

Can you even speak Aquatic? You haven't said a word.

Aquatic. The underwater language of the SeaWings. Of course she could speak it. But to make her 'interrogation' harder for the queen, she settled with an extra confused look, cocking her head and blinking innocently.

Well, what was I thinking. Of course *the second coming of the missing princess doesn't know Aquatic. Don't know what I was expecting.* Queen Coral said to herself.

The queen gave a signal to someone behind her, well hidden from Rivulet's sight, and slowly, her cage started rising, rising, rising towards the surface.

Uh oh. This could happen? Rivulet thought. *I guess Queen Coral is intent on interrogations...*

"Yes. Hello there." her aunt said.

"Hello, Your Majesty." Rivulet said, bowing.

"Yes, yes. Now. I must commence your interrogation." the queen said. "Let me be clear- if you decide to lie to me, or not answer at all, you dear father over there will pay the price."

For the first time, Rivulet took in the scene. She was in a small cave, and her cage was taking up a third of the space. Across the cave was her father, still unconscious and in a cage similar to hers.

The queen stood in between her and her father. It seemed there were other dragons here too, unless the queen wanted to hurt Rivulet's father herself.

Rivulet gritted her teeth. No one, *no one* threatened her father.

"So. Let us begin." the queen said, smiling malevolently.

Clearpool

Arg. Why can't they just let us gooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo? Clearpool thought.

Clearpool and her brothers went back to their rooms in a cave. They each got their own tiny room in the large cave while their parents had a very big room. Cowrie and Ripple started wrestling in the big space in the middle, while Clearpool decided to go into her room and mope.

A few minutes later, Indigo walked in.

"You know, moping and sulking isn't going to make us tell you what happened, right?" she asked. "We *will* tell you eventually, but you're still too young."

"Mom, I'm five. I- we deserve to know." Clearpool said grumpily.

"Well, guess what. This story is too scary for five year olds." Indigo retorted.

Clearpool turned away and continued sulking as Indigo sighed and left the room.

Later that night

Clearpool roused slowly. She could hear her parents' voices from across the cave. Once again, they had underestimated how loud their whispers could be- especially in a cave.

She smirked. They really *did* have to work on their whispering skills.

"We should make a map... I mean, what if we forget? I'm not sure I can remember the way that well. What if we need to make

negotiations? How do we get there?" Indigo whispered.

"*I* remember. We'll be fine." Fathom replied.

"Are you sure? You're scrunching up your face so much, I think you're going to get permanent wrinkles." Indigo said, then started to giggle.

Clearpool slowly rose from her bed, quietly, or else her parents were going to hear. What were they going to make a map for?

"Hmm... maybe we should." Fathom said after a moment. "You're right."

"HA! I told you so!" Indigo said triumphantly.

"Alright already. Let's begin." Fathom said.

Clearpool could now hear the sounds of paper being moved around and the sound of pencils scribbling away. Her parents didn't mention anything about *what* the map was supposed to show, but she was sure that she could sneak in tommorow and steal that map.

Rapid

"Mother. They said they'd be back by now."

"Yes, but sneaking past the guards is hard, even at night."

Rapid and his mother were waiting at the edge of their island, awaiting Rivulet and her father. Rapid's father as well.

"Maybe you should enchant something to summon them..." Rapid suggested.

"If I must." his mother replied. "But I don't want to. Remember Albatross?"

"Yes. But we still haven't tested Rivulet. If she is a potential animus and she is now trapped in Queen Coral's palace, yet she doesn't know... she and Father are in deep trouble."

"Good pun. Get it? Deep trouble, Deep Palace?"

"Mother, now is *not* the time to make jokes! Rivulet and Father may be in danger, and you're making *jokes*?"

"Uh... yeah?"

A few days later...

"Mother, really. Rivulet and Father didn't come back. You really need to enchant something to summon them, or something." Rapid said.

"Alright, alright!" she replied. "Just... I must make a soul protector first."

"You haven't yet?"

"I have *never* used my animus magic. Ever."

"Well, well. What a surprise. Just DO IT. DO YOU WANT THEM TO DIE?"

"Of course not. I just wanted to tell you that your sister is, indeed, an animus."

A/N: Sorry if this part is cringy. I ran out of ideas...

Fathom

It was a bright and sunny morning. Light filtered in from the translucent leaves covering the window. Fathom and Indigo hid the map of the Kingdom of the Sea in a small hole in the wall., unaware of three pairs of eyes watching them from outside their room.

"I'll go wake up the dragonets." Indigo said.

"Sure."

As Indigo left, he thought about what Clearpool had said the day before, about her never being able to go and see the palaces.

He thought that, perhaps, she *should* be able to see the palaces, but not yet. Not while Pearl was still on the throne. Hopefully, that would be changed soon. Hopefully, her daughter, Manta, who was named after their late mother, would challenge her soon and win. In fact, Manta was almost seven. And from what he heard about her, she practiced battle training everyday , in preparation for the challenge. He hoped that she would win, so that dragons could finally know that he and his family were alive and well. He hoped that Manta would understand why they had did what they did. And hopefully, the long- lost cousins would like each other. But for safety, they would remain living on the island. Who knew what would happen if another dragon remembered Fathom. He planned a quick, short meeting with the new queen of the SeaWings, then leaving. Maybe they would talk about Pearl, and leave.

It seemed ideal.

Anemone

Mother, do we have *to do interrogations?* Anemone asked in Aquatic.

Yes, dearest. We may just find out more about that dragonet and why she was here. Queen Coral replied.

As they made their way through the Deep Palace, Anemone suddenly felt a pang of sympathy for the dragonet. She was just a few years older than her, only four years old. She was being interrogated and punished, although she had probably not wanted to come in the first place. Anemone wondered who she was.

They waited for the purplish- blue dragonet lying on the floor, unconscious, waiting for her to wake up.

Her name is Rivulet, we're told. It was found out at an earlier and much simpler interrogation that she likely does not remember- she was half sedated. Queen Coral told Anemone.

Mother... look at her wings. The pattern on the underside.

Queen Coral lifted the dragonet's wing and gasped a trickle of bubbles. She checked that adult male dragon's as well.

They are of royal blood. I wonder how.

Just then, the dragonet woke up.

Queen Coral immediately began interrogations, as this was one of her queenly hobbies. When she was sure nobody was looking, she gave a small wave to Rivulet. She knew that Rivulet saw it, because the tense lines around her jaw faded a bit. She could also tell that Rivulet understood perfectly what the queen was saying, but decided to stay quiet for her sake.

But all changed when her cage was lifted up into the cave the prison was under.

Rivulet looked alarmed, as though surprised by the sudden turn in events.

Anemone wanted to soothe her, tell her that everything would be alright, that there was no reason to worry. But of course, that would be treason. So she kept her mouth shut.

The interrogation went on, for such a long time that Anemone nearly fell asleep. But she snapped awake when Shark and two other guards went in Rivulet's cage and sedated her.

Queen Coral dragged Anemone to the pool in the middle of the cave and dove in. It was how they had come up to interrogate Rivulet. Poor Rivulet.

Tears streamed down Anemone's face, tears of anger and sadness at what her mother had let happen to her... niece? Or her... whatever. Her family member. One of her own blood, as she had put it.

At least Queen Coral wouldn't know that Anemone was crying- her tears were mixed with the water rushing up her snout as they dove into the current that led them towards the Summer Palace.

Hopefully, Rivulet would be okay.

Cowrie

"Pssst! Cowrie! Wake up!" a voice hissed.

Talons padded out of the room.

"Pssst! Ripple! Wake up!" the same voice hissed.

Talons padded back into his room.

"Are you awake? Hurry up!"

"Oh... it's *you*, Clearpool," Ripple said groggily, entering Cowrie's room.

"Come, guys." she said. "Look, I woke up hearing Mom and Dad talking about making a map, so I wanted to see what it was. I even saw where Dad hid it. But one of you guys needs to distract and the other needs to keep guard."

"Wow. You're more calm than I've ever seen you be." Cowrie said, amused.

"That's because I was trying NOT to attract attention. Like *some* dragons are." she said.

"Hey, why do *you* get to find the map?" Ripple complained. "We're working *together*."

"I'll tell you to where it shows." Clearpool told him. "It'll be fine."

"In that case, I'll distract." Cowrie said. "I'll be better that *him*." he said, jerking his head towards his brother.

"I should be offended, but I'll let it slide. I'll stand guard, then."

"Great. The map is in Mom and Dad's room."

"Let's go!" Ripple said enthusiastically.

"Shush!" Cowrie and Clearpool said at the same time.

Cowrie stepped into the sunlight. His parents were eating shrimp on a large, flat rock and were chatting happily. Ripple passed him a enormous purple-variety long- legged crab and he ran off to distract.

"Dad! Mom! Look what I found!" he cried.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Clearpool give him a thumbs up.

Fathom turned and looked at the crab. A pained expression took over his face.

Indigo noticed, and had a slightly less painful face on, but managed to force a smile.

"Wow... what a... interesting crab." she said without enthusiasm.

Fathom excused himself and went back into the cave.

Ack. Clearpool, be done already, please.

Indigo sighed. "Cowrie, I know you love crab, but please *don't* catch or show any of this type to your father and I."

"Why?" he wondered.

She hesitated. "It... brings up bad memories."

"Bad memories like...?" he prompted.

"I won't say."

"But-"

"Please. You don't want to know the story. Just don't catch the purple variety of long-legged sea crab, is all."

With that, Indigo left too, towards the cave.

Rivulet

A/N: By the way, this takes place when Anemone and Rivulet are both around six years old, close to seven.

"Wake up, you pest!"

Rivulet unfurled her wings and shook them. How long had she been unconscious?

"The Princess Anemone has asked you to attend her birthday celebration." a guard said. "Who knows why..." he muttered under his breath.

Three guards unchained all chains but the one around her neck.

"But... what about my father?" Rivulet asked.

"He hadn't been asked to attend. So he shall not."

The guards hauled Rivulet to the entrance of the cave.

"We will fly to the new palace. You will not resist, and will greet the princess appropriately. Understood?" a guard asked gruffly. Rivulet nodded.

The flight was silent. When they finally arrived, they landed on a dock decorated with pink flowers. The guards led her through several archways and then entered a ball room. Now the chain around Rivulet was gone, but the guards trailed her.

"Oh! Rivulet! My long-lost cousin! How nice it is to meet you!" Princess Anemone cried.

Several guests turned around, surprised.

Long-lost cousin?

"Um. Hi." she said, bowing.

"Oh, no. You don't have to do that! We're cousins! Look, I'll show you." Anemone said. "See the pattern underneath our wings? It's different from him," she said, lifting a random dragon's wing.

She spotted the chain that was beside Rivulet and turned to the guards.

"Was that really necessary? She's a long-lost princess! Tell me," she said, turning to Rivulet. "Do you have any siblings? Where do you live? Have you ever been here? How did they find you? Oh, I'm sorry, too many questions. Are you overwhelmed? Oops, just did it again."

"Your Highness, may we talk another time? It's a bit... public here." Rivulet said, embarrassed.

"Oh, but of course! We'll have tea tomorrow. Now, let's get this party started!" Anemone cheered.

Over the next few hours, dragons came over and politely asked if they could see her wings. At one point, thirty-two male dragons followed Anemone to be introduced to her. Apparently they were *also* her cousins.

"... but the only one worth knowing is Turtle over here." Anemone concluded.

Multiple groans and complains, and Anemone pulled a slightly older dragon closer. He had to be Turtle.

"Um. Hi. Nice to meet you?" Rivulet said.

"Hi," he said, flashing a small smile. "I'm Turtle. One of the many brothers."

She and Turtle happily chatted about their lives as the party went on. Then Turtle asked something that was... not allowed.

"Are you going to challenge the queen?" he asked. They were lucky Anemone had sent away the guards a while earlier.

"What? I can't do that!" she whispered.

"Of course you can. You're seven, right?"

"Almost." she admitted.

"Well, I can help you train."

"You realize that you want to prepare me for the challenge between me and your own mother, right?"

"Yes." he paused. "But I originally wanted Anemone on the throne. But she doesn't want to be queen, Tsunami is too... crazy, I'd say, and Auklet is way too young. You're my last alternative."

"But why?"

"Mother is getting crazier and weirder. I don't think she is fit to be queen anymore. And she is also becoming old and weak. In a few years, or soon, a few months, maybe, she will be weak and you can be strong. You will fight, and you will win."

"But... my family. Our island. What will they do?"

"They can live here. You can visit your island if you ever get homesick. But for now, you will remain, and your father will be sent back to the island. Although your family will not be able to leave until we are sure you are no threat."

"I... is this already happening?"

"Yes. Your father was sent back and pardoned a few hours ago."

"I didn't get to say goodbye!"

"You'll see them again." he replied. With that, he went to join his brothers again.

"Here is your new chambers. Dinner will be in the Great Hall in an

hour. Someone will come escort you, as you do not know the layout of the palace." a servant said, shutting the door.

Her new chambers were vast. There was an enormous canopy bed, three long and tall windows, a private bathroom in the back and-

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in..." Rivulet said.

Princess Anemone entered, wearing a lot of jewels.

"I'll help you get ready. Oh! You'd look great in diamonds." she said.

She helped adorn Rivulet and said, "Wow! Your chamber is just like mine! Except mine is *way* messier."

"Also, it's dinnertime, so come on!" she added.

Anemone dragged Rivulet towards the Great Hall, atop a dais and right beside her.

Rivulet got curious looks from the dragons below, and after dinner, Anemone dragged Rivulet onto a stage, and said,"Behold, the long-lost princess, Rivulet!" and lifted her wing.

At first, there were startled glances, especially from Queen Coral. Then, gasps, whispers and finally, applause. Rivulet had never been applauded. Never been this embarrassed.

Later that night, the princess joined her.

"Has Turtle talked to you yet? About... the challenge?" Anemone added in a whisper.

"Yes, and I'm not happy about it."

"But you must! Look at your muscles, you must train everyday!"

"Actually, my father made me train with him. In case we ever got in trouble, so we could defend ourselves."

You never answered my questions. At the party." she clarified.

"Well... I *do* have an older brother. He's eleven. We live on an island that Fathom and Indigo left us. We... actually, I bet you can find out where I live from the guards." Rivulet said ruefully.

"Well, goodnight, then." Anemone said, rising. "Tomorrow I plan to have tea with you, talk more about our so very different lives. I hope you'll join me?"\

"Yeah. I'll come."

"See you then!" Anemone said.

When she left, Rivulet whispered to no one, "See you then..."

Mist

Mist was a servant in the Island Palace, and soon-to-be a servant of the Summer Palace. He and his family were the lowest-ranked dragons of the entire palace, of all the servants and of all the Kingdom of the Sea.

Why? Mist's great grandfather had disappointed the queen of the time by burning her meal. And not just once- but *five* times. He was a cook, and he and his family dropped from that mediocre servant rank to the lowliest of all SeaWings.

"Hey, you! Get me and my family a table to sit at." a snobbish-looking SeaWing from the nobility said. Being a waiter was Mist's father and mother's job, and they were never called by name, just by 'Hey, you!'. It was extremely impolite.

Meanwhile, Mist was a servant for the princess Manta, named after Queen Pearl's late mother.

Princess Manta wasn't at all mean to her servants, including Mist, and was actually very nice. She was polite, she was gentle, and often did what the servants were supposed to do to save us the hard work. Mist liked her.

Mist was also with the princess (as he was her favorite) when three dragons crept up the Sunrise beach one evening when the princess was taking an evening stroll.

"Eek! Who are you?" the princess asked.

"We... we are harmless. Please," a male around five begged. "Do not tell Her Majesty."

"I am Princess Manta, and I ask you, what are you doing here?"

"We came for answers." a young female, also around five said. She had beautiful aquamarine eyes.

"What answers? I have plenty. About our palaces, our food... who are you, anyways?" Manta asked.

"We are the dragonets of Fathom and Indigo. We... wanted to know why we weren't allowed to come here. We stole a map... to get here." the last dragonet said. He was maybe six or seven, worried for his siblings, maybe.

"Fathom and Indigo? Uncle Fathom and Aunt Indigo? Didn't they die? That's what Mother said..."

"Who is your mother?" the female asked. "Queen Pearl?"

"Yes, actually." Manta replied. "So are you my cousins?"

"I believe so..." the younger male said.

"Well, what an *amazing* discovery. I hope you'll tell me *all* about it."

The dragonets turned around. Standing behind them was Queen Pearl of the SeaWings.

"Run! Swim! Fly!" the eldest of the dragonets screamed.

"Guards, *get them*."

Three burly guards chased the dragonets, but clearly, they would not make it. The dragonets were *fast*.

"Mist, what did you think of them?" the princess asked. "They seemed... odd."

"I liked the female." Mist blurted. "I mean- She was interesting."

The princess giggled. "Someone is in love!" she said in a singsong voice.

"I am *not*." Mist said. He was a few years older than her, being seven

years old. The princess was only four.

"Anyways, Mist. You really have to get honor back in your family. I wish you could be my friend, rather than a servant." Manta sighed.

"I don't know how. Maybe I'll just try to find her."

"Good luck, then."

Rapid

"Father!"

"Rivulet... she... palace... captured... Queen Coral... interrogation..." Rapid's father wheezed. He suddenly collapsed and went unconscious.

"Mother!" Rapid cried. "Rivulet's in danger! Why don't you take care of Father and I go get her? OK, great plan. I'll go now and-"

"You don't even know the way. And wait for us. I sense that she'll be fine." his mother said.

"But-" he protested.

"No buts."

"Stay with me. Help your father. Rivulet will be fine."

Later that night...

Rapid snuck past his sleeping mother and father. He *had* to go see his sister, no matter what. And, indeed, he knew the way. He had stolen a map from his father's office.

Spreading his wings, with only a satchel full of fish, Rapid flew northeast, towards the Summer Palace.

A few days later, Rapid reached the island beside the Summer palace. He had to sneak in, presumably as a servant. Well, pretending to be one, anyways.

"Halt! Who are you?" a guard asked.

"I am a poor SeaWing in search of a job. I know I am not much, so I would be a servant, as I wish to be." Rapid said.

As long as he didn't reveal the underside of his wings to anyone, he would be fine. So he bowed his head and followed the guard into the palace.

After a very long talk with the queen to convince her that he could be a servant, she finally agreed.

"You will be a servant to the Princess Rivulet. Her chambers are down the hall." Queen Coral said.

Apparently, the queen had let Anemone untethered for the past few weeks. Said that she was a pain now.

As Rapid walked over to his sister's chambers, he wondered how the queen knew she was a princess.

"Rapid!" Rivulet cried. " YOU'RE HERE!"

"Shush, you'll alert someone. Pretend you don't know me. It's the only way to be safe." Rapid ordered.

Princess Anemone entered. Rapid bowed quickly, and Rivulet smacked him with his wing.

"Anemone, this is my big brother." she said.

"Oh! Hi! You're my cousin!" Anemone said.

"I... am?" Rapid said, confused.

"Yes, I'll tell Mother." Anemone said.

"No! I need to spy on..." Rapid trailed off.

"Well, then. Go ahead. Rivulet is challenging Mother, so she needs information." said Anemone. "Go and gather as much as you can."

Ripple

"Oh! It's a map to... wait for it... the palaces! Let's goooooo!" Clearpool whisper- shouted.

"*No*. Mom and Dad are going to notice we're missing." Cowrie said sternly. Well, he *was* the oldest of them all.

"Can we sneak out?" Ripple asked. "I want to see the palaces too!"

Cowrie sighed. "I... guess so."

"Good. Them at midnight, we wait at the edge of the island. Deal?" Clearpool asked, holding out her talon.

"Deal." Cowrie and Ripple said simultaneously, shaking her talon.

"Wow, that... is beautiful." Clearpool whispered, awestruck.

"Do you think we can sneak in?" Ripple asked.

"Yeah. Let's do this thing!" Clearpool cheered.

The trio crept quietly into the palace. They saw flowers, large, curving archways. But there was a sense of dread lurking in the palace.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps. A lot of them.

But Ripple could *swear* that Clearpool shot a look at one of the approaching dragons.

He shot the same look back.

Rivulet

"Rivulet, if you hit that weakly, you will *never* win. Don't you want to?" Turtle asked.

Rivulet slumped. "I... I just can't. I kind of want to meet your mother before I have to kill her."

"Well... I suppose you can have a small chat with her, when she isn't too busy..." Turtle hesitated. "But I suggest against it."

"Why?" she asked. "Isn't she supposed to be... you know... nice?"

"Used to." Turtle said. "But now all she cares about is keeping herself on the throne."

"So... she's not as nice now?"

"She nearly *killed* Tsunami the last time she visited because Tsunami had just gotten *closer* to Mother's throne."

"That's... I don't even know what to say."

"That's why we train privately and set up the challenge. Mother can't decline. I'm sure you'll win."

"Mother, Rivulet has something to say." Anemone said during dinner a few days later.

"What?" Queen Coral asked, harshly.

"I- I want-" Rivulet stammered. "I challenge you for the throne of-of the SeaWings."

"No!" a voice cried.

Rivulet turned around. It was a dragon named Moray.

"Your Majesty, please, remember Orca. Remember how you almost died. *Don't do it.*" she said.

"You can't decline a challenge." Anemone said crossly.

"You're not the queen!" Moray said. "Don't do it."

"Moray, it's a tiny seven-year-old dragonet. I can handle her." the queen said. "Alright, challenge accepted."

Turtle shot Rivulet an encouraging smile.

Well. I guess this is real now.

Clearpool

"That was... close." Cowrie said.

Clearpool tuned her brothers out. They were sometimes *sooo* annoying.

That dragon, with the princess. Who was he?

He was good looking.

Wait, what?

"Wait. Who's good looking?" Ripple asked.

"Um. No one." she replied.

But it was that dragon.

Clearpool snuck carefully out of the sleeping caves. Everyone was still sleeping. That was good.

A not-too-long swim later, she reached the palace she'd seen before.

"Looking for someone?" a voice asked.

Clearpool spun around. It was the princess.

"He's in my rooms. Follow me," she said, beckoning to her.

Clearpool followed her.

In Princess Manta's rooms was the dragon Clearpool was looking for.

"I'll leave you two alone." the princess said.

The two dragons looked at each other.

"Um. Hi," Clearpool said. "I'm Clearpool."

"Mist." he said.

"There's... mist here?" she asked.

"No. No, no. *I'm* Mist." the dragon said.

"Oh. I'm so sorry." she said.

"It's fine."

Awkward silence followed.

"Soooooo..." Clearpool said.

"Who are you?" he blurted.

"... Clearpool?"

"No. I know that. Just... like, ar this you a noble or something or..."

"My parents are Fathom and Indigo. I don't know how that helps you..."

"Fathom and Indigo?"

The princess' head popped out from behind the corner. "Sorry, I was just so *interested* in Mist's *love story*."

"What do you know about my parents?" Clearpool demanded.

"My mother told me that she had a brother named Fathom, and that he was in love with a dragon named Indigo, who was one of my mother's most trusted guards." Manta said. "She believed that they had died in the Night Kingdom, on a mission. But we never found

out wether they lived of died."

"So... you're saying that I am a princess. Your cousin, to specify." Clearpool said.

"Yeah..."

"You're a *princess*?" Mist asked.

"I don't know." Clearpool said. "Ask your mistress."

"She is." Manta clarified. "And, I know that you guys like each other, so I will allow Mist to visit you sometimes, if you give me the location of your island."

"You can't tell your mother."

"I won't. Promise," the princess said. "And besides, you'll probably get married, have some dragonets, live on an island, and I'll eventually forget about you."

"So you're letting me leave? Forever?" Mist asked.

"If that is what you want..." she said.

"Alright." he said. "I actually liked you as a mistress, though."

"I will miss you too, Mist." Manta said.

"Where to?" Mist asked Clearpool.

"My island?"

"Alright."

Rivulet

"Are you ready?" Turtle asked. "You need to wear this, so that you might have another chance at defeating Mother."

It was a tail band, covered with shark teeth. He had also thrust some spiky bracelets and a well- fitted necklace with a big, fat pearl.

"What are these for? Won't they be annoying and heavy when I fight?" Rivulet asked.

"Nah. Put them on, and watch." Turtle said.

Rivulet obeyed. They were heavy and annoying.

Turtle touched the tail band, paused, touched the necklace, paused, touched the bracelets, and paused.

"What are you doing?" she asked, then gasped. "They... feel as though they aren't even there. What did you do?"

"Animus magic." he said, looking at his claws.

"That's... *so cool.*"

"RIVULET GET OVER HERE! THE CHALLENGE WILL BEGIN IN LIKE, TWO SECONDS! COME ONNNNNN!" Auklet screamed.

"Alright, alright." Rivulet cried. "No need to get nearly so noisy."

"Well, that's little siblings." Turtle said, smiling at Auklet. "And Mother's been neglecting Auklet for over a year, so we had to take care of her."

"LET'S GO DID YOU LISTEN TO ME? THE CHALLENGE BEGINS, LIKE, NOWWWW!" Auklet said.

They walked through the winding halls of the palace, Turtle telling

Rivulet more tips for the challenge.

They finally reached the giant double doors to the room where the challenge would be held.

Rivulet took a deep breath and opened the door.

Indigo

"Wake up, Cowrie." Indigo said.

"Hrmf." he said.

"We're having shrimp for breakfast." she said in a singsong voice. "It's fine if you don't want it..."

"Shrimp? Really?" Cowrie asked.

"No, that was to wake you up. Get up, you lazy octopus." she said.

Indigo walked over to Clearpool's room. It was unnaturally silent.

Normally, Clearpool was already awake, rummaging in her cave for something she'd put and lost about... hmm... maybe three years ago or something?

"Clearpool? We're having shrimp for breakfast! Wake up, or you'll have none left." Indigo said.

"DON'T LISTEN TO HER! WE DON'T HAVE SHRIMP FOR BREAKFAST! WE HAVE- oh. We *do* have shrimp for breakfast." Cowrie said.

Indigo laughed. "See, you need to wake up, or Cowrie's gonna eat all the shrimp."

Silence.

"Clearpool?" she asked. "Are you here?"

More silence.

Indigo crept into the cave. No sign of Clearpool.

"Clearpool?"

"What's wrong, Mommy?" Ripple asked.

"Have you seen Clearpool?" Indigo asked.

"Clearpool?" he said, scratching his head. "Oh, I think I heard her going out of the caves last night. I don't know if she came back, maybe-"

Indigo pushed past her son, rushing to the bright, sunny beach where they normally dined.

"Fathom! Clearpool's missing!" she cried. "I don't know where she may have gone, or went, is she even on the island did you see her where is she?"

"Calm down, I'm sure we'll find her." Fathom said, patting her on the back. But there was panic in his eyes. "I can summon her, or we can search the island first, STOP EATING ALL THE SHRIMP, but I'm sure we'll find her."

Cowrie paused with a shrimp mid- way to his mouth.

"Sheesh, I'm hungry!" he said.

Just then, they heard splashing on the far side of the beach.

"... and this is my family's island. I don't know if you can live here, but maybe? Also-"

Clearpool froze, spotting Fathom and Indigo (and a still eating Cowrie).

"Um... hi..." she said.

"You have no idea how worried we were." Indigo growled. "But I'm so glad you're alright!"

Indigo bounded (well, tried to) across the sand to her daughter. "You're telling me where you've been. Whoa, who's that?"

"That's... Mist." Clearpool said.

"What mist? There's no mist here! It's a bright, blue, sunny day! I have no idea what you're talking about." Indigo said, confused.

"No, his *name* is Mist."

"Oh," Indigo said. "Who knew?"

"Your mother is in shock. Best stay out of her way for now." Fathom said, leading Indigo back towards the caves. "Clearpool, take Mist to one of the guest chambers. Stay with him, *do not leave,* and I will join you in a while."

Indigo settled down on the blue blankets and pillows in her cave.

"No reason to worry. Clearpool is alright. I'll talk to her, and see who this... *Mist*... is." Fathom told her. "Just rest, you had a busy day."

("No reason to worry."- Alden, Keeper of the Lost Cities)

The last thing Indigo saw was Fathom leaving the cave. Then the darkness reached out, and it had her in it's grasp.

(The 'darkness' is supposed to be sleep.)

Anemone

Anemone waited with her thirty- something brothers in the challenge's chamber.

The giant double doors of the room opened, and revealed Rivulet, Turtle and Auklet.

Turtle and Auklet joined her on the bleachers. Very decorated bleachers, indeed.

Rivulet was left standing awkwardly on the floor.

Stand by the edge of the arena. Anemone mouthed to her when she looked up at them.

Rivulet did as said.

"May the challenge begin!" an over- excited announcer said.

(Replace 'challenge' with '75th Hunger Games'. Yay. This challenge is now a part of the Hunger Games.)

Queen Coral shot him a look, and he stopped beaming at the crowd.

But most dragons in the crowd were whispering to each other and shooting appraising looks to Rivulet. The poor dragonet was looking so uncomfortable.

Suddenly, Queen Coral leaped forwards. Rivulet tensed, jumped *atop* Queen Coral and dug her claws into the queen's neck.

Queen Coral roared with rage and dropped into a roll, sending Rivulet tumbling off her back.

But Rivulet was *fast*, and she was up and pinning the queen down within a matter of minutes.

The queen knew she was defeated, but obviously wouldn't give up.

She thrashed under Rivulet's talons, until Rivulet shot a pitiful look at the queen and sank her tail band into the queen's heart.

At first, everyone was startled.

But is was Auklet who started clapping first.

"I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!" she cried.

Applause followed.

Rivulet stepped away from the body of her aunt, looking shaken but happy.

Anemone flew down to her cousin, telling the crowd, "Your new queen! Queen Rivulet!"

A few years later...

A few years after Fathom's part...

Clearpool:

Clearpool sat on a sunny beach with Mist, staring at a new egg.

"What will you name her?" Mist asked.

"Up to you." Clearpool replied.

"*You're* the mother." he said teasingly.

"I honestly have no idea."

"Aha! Mini- Mist."

"No! Mini- Clearpool." she said. "... Can we talk about this later?"

"Sure. What do you want to do?" Mist asked.

"Visit Queen Manta?"

"Sure."

Cowrie:

Living in a palace was *so cool*.

He was a *prince*.

With a big chamber. *All to himself*.

His parents, Fathom and Indigo, had let him come to the palace after his aunt, Queen Pearl, had died in a challenge.

Now his cousin, Manta, was on the throne. She was a very good queen. And she was nice.

Even better. He got shrimp for breakfast. Every. Day.

The bad thing was, Ripple hadn't come.

Ripple:

Ripple was swimming in the ocean. Exploring the ocean, the fish, and the-

Whoa. Was that a palace?

It was!

He had found the SeaWings' underwater palace!

What was it called again?

The Ocean Palace?

Water Palace?

Underwater Palace?

Oh!

The Deep Palace.

Of course.

Totally knew that.

Hey, who are you? a guard asked.

Uh... an explorer. he said.

You're a SeaWing explorer... exploring the Deep Palace. Where you could have always come.

No! No. That's not what I meant. I didn't grow up here.

Okaaaay...

Well, my brother's a prince? Prince Cowrie? Ring any bells?

Yeah. So. If your brother *is a prince, aren't you?*

I... guess?

Alright. I'll introduce you to the queen. Follow me.

But I want to be an explorer!

You can be. After *being introduced to the queen.*

Fineeeeeeee...

Fathom and Indigo:

"Soooo... Ripple and Cowrie are gone. Clearpool has an *egg*. What a normal life." Indigo said sarcastically.

"Well, hey, look! Our dragonets are all grown up. Isn't that great?" Fathom said.

"Your smile is soooooo fake." Indigo said. "You miss them too, right?"

"Yeah..." Fathom replied. "Now we have two empty caves."

"We can visit all we want though, right?"

"Like... now?"

"Sure."

"Um... Fathom? Don't you think there should be more... activity here?" Indigo asked.

They were on the outskirts of the Island Palace.

"Yeah. Where did everyone go?" he said.

Something clicked in both of their heads.

"The Summer Palace." they said simultaneously.

"Any chance you remember where it is?"

Rapid

You and your family have been invited by Queen Rivulet to live at the new palace.

"Queen... Rivulet?" Rapid's mother asked.

"Rivulet is... queen?" his father asked.

"Apparently," Rapid said.

"Shall we go, then?" Rapid's mother asked. "*Rivulet* is queen. We should be safe, right?"

"Do we bring all our possessions?" his father asked.

"... Yeah. The letter says that we're invited to *live* at the palace." Rapid said.

The three of them packed up all they had quickly, and flew in the direction of the new palace, per the directions of the new queen.

"Mom! Dad! Rapid! There you are!" Queen Rivulet cried.

"Rivulet! My poor baby!" Rapid's mother cried.

"Sappy reunions," a male dragon beside Rivulet muttered.

"Who's that?" Rapid asked. "Rivulet, get away from them. They can be dangerous!"

"No! No, that's our cousin, Turtle." Rivulet said. "In fact, we have thirty... um... thirty something *more* male cousins, and three female ones. Don't worry, I'll make the introductions later."

"... So. We gather that you're queen now?" Rapid's mother asked.

"Yes. She challenged my mother a few days ago and won." a female dragon in pearls said.

"That's Anemone. Our other cousin." Rivulet explained quickly.

"Okay..." Rapid said.

"Um. Can we go in our rooms and then have introductions tomorrow?" Rapid's father asked, breaking the awkward silence.

"Yeah. I'll see you guys tomorrow!" Rivulet said.

A few years after...

A few years after Rapid's part...

Rivulet:

Being a new queen was surprisingly easy.

Rivulet had gotten her subjects under control.

She had made rather awesome changes to her palaces.

And she had gotten an egg.

Well, two.

Life as a queen was actually rather easy.

Well, until the two monsters in those eggs hatched.

Rapid:

"Eeeek!"

Rapid ran into the hatchery with his sister's most trusted advisor right behind him.

"Rivulet? What's wrong?" he asked.

"My dragonets." she said. "They're sooo cute! And monstrous."

"Okaaaaaay... no need to scream, though." the advisor said.

"Well, I *did* need you to call a dragonet- sitter."

"Will do."

"Rivulet... I have a niece? And a nephew?" Rapid asked.

"Yeah." she replied. "Now *you* need to dragonets- sit them!"

A/N

Hello. Thank you so much for the 1k reads! This was my first story and it may not be the best, so thank you to everyone who read all the way to this point :D

Why are you still reading? This story is finished!

I *said*, Farewell!

Ok, the story is now truly finished. Bye!